

PHILS VERSUS RED SOX IN WORLD'S SERIES "THE BACHELOR BENEDICT," BY VAN LOAN

CAN ALEXANDER STOP RED SOX? THE PHILLIES VERSUS BOSTON Hubtown Sluggers Somewhat Overrated, but With Strong Pitching Would Be Worthy Rivals of Our Own Phils—Locals Behave Badly Before Visitors

The Athletics open their home stand this afternoon with the Red Sox, looked upon as the probable winner of the American League pennant. The local fans will watch this series with great interest, as it will give them a chance to compare Carrigan's team to the Phillies. On present form, these two teams should meet in the world's series, and perhaps the Red Sox will be playing under wraps, particularly if the Athletics do not perform better than they did in the West.

Several Boston scribes and a few of the players who did not accompany the team on an exhibition game trip attended the games at the Philly park yesterday, and while a few of them were there early enough to see the Phillies going at their best, the ragged work in the second game left anything but a good impression on the Bostonians.

They all insist that they would rather see the Phillies win the pennant than any other team in the National League, because they believe there will be more interest in the games; but they also are certain that the Red Sox are by far too strong for the Phillies. They admit that with Alexander on the mound the Phillies might look like a different team and play better ball, but those who were willing to talk declared that there is not enough speed in the Philly team and that they play an open game, meaning that a heady catcher can break up many of the Phils' best plays before they are under way.

Perhaps they may be right, but the general impression is that there are better catchers in the National League than in the American, and the Phillies have not been outgamed much this season. There are times when any team will look bad, when a well-meant play fails, as the Phillies did yesterday, and just because one or two of the Bostonians sit in the stand and declare that they caught the sign for the "squeeze" is no sure sign that the play could have been detected from the field.

There is no denying the fact that the Red Sox have a powerful ball team, and there is also little doubt but what the series would be the hardest the Phillies have ever taken part in, but it is quite likely that the Red Sox think just a trifle too much of their own ability. They will, unless they are taken in hand, make the same sad mistake the Mackmen made last fall by holding the Braves too cheaply.

Boston's reputed team of sluggers appears to be badly overestimated. Aside from Speaker, Hooper, Hobbitt and Gardner, there is not a member of the Red Sox team hitting as hard as they did earlier in the year. Barry, Lewis, Scott, Janvrin and both catchers have been batting weakly for several weeks, and they may discover that Alexander and his running mate, whoever he may happen to be, in the event that the two teams meet, are just a trifle better than the class of pitching they have been facing in the Johnson league.

The Phillies still lead the National League by three and a half games, but it is the Braves who are now runners-up to Moran's men. Boston won two more games from the Reds, and with the Phillies splitting even with the Cardinals, the world's champions picked up another game, making three in succession over Herzog's Rhinelanders. In all three games the Boston pitchers, Rudolph, Nehf and Hughes, showed wonderful form, and their feat of shutting a team out for an entire series is unusual.

With Boston's pitchers going in such form, the Phillies must keep going at top speed, as the Braves are due to start hitting soon. In the Cincinnati series Boston batted weakly, making only two runs in each game. If the pitchers can retain that form until the natural batting strength of the Braves asserts itself, Stallings may still fulfil the prediction he made, even after the Phillies had the Braves three straight games.

Alexander Comes to Rescue in Nick of Time Convy Alexander the Great saved the first game for the Phillies yesterday, or it could have been a disastrous afternoon for the league leaders. Eppa Rixey had pitched good ball until he was pulled from the mound, with a runner on second and two men out, in the ninth inning, but he was fast weakening, and with a right-handed hitter at the plate, Moran made a wise move in substituting Alexander, who quickly fanned Gonzalez. A single by Gonzalez would have tied the score, and his chances of hitting Rixey were much better than they were of connecting with Alexander.

The Phillies played fast, aggressive ball in the first game and looked like champions. A wild throw by Cravath in the first game and looked like a stonewall for that driving in the winning run with a timely single, which scored Paskert in the last half of the eighth inning.

Demaree Off Form; Empire Byron Ditts Demaree was decidedly off form, and he was really lucky to get by as long as he did. Some of the fans were inclined to criticize Manager Moran for allowing Demaree to remain on the mound as long as he did, but there was no reason for doing otherwise. In all of Demaree's recent games he has been batted hard, but always managed to pull out of tight places. Yesterday he got out of the worst of the breaks.

Considerable fault was found with the umpiring in this game, and the Philly "squeezed" Byron a great deal; but there was little cause for it. One of Moran's decisions stopped a Philly rally, but it is doubtful if enough runs would have resulted to have turned the tide, as Leon Ames pitched clever ball, particularly with men on bases, and the Phillies had little chance to win after the Cardinals got to Demaree.

Just an Off-Game for Moran's Men The batting of Long and Betzel played an important part in the St. Louis victory. Long drove in one run and scored two, while Betzel drove in two and scored one. Twice Demaree had Long in the hole, but carelessly put the ball straight over the plate for a noted fast ball hitter, while two strikes had been settled with only one ball, and each time Betzel hit in the pinch.

Poor ball was played by the Phillies throughout this game, both in judgment and in the field. Niehoff had his first poor day of the entire home stay, and two of his plays aided the Cardinals. Had he not failed to touch a runner when he had the ball in plenty of time one of the three-run rallies would have been prevented. An attempt at a "squeeze" play with two strikes on Paskert, after he had failed on the second strike, was another move that hurt the Phils' chances.

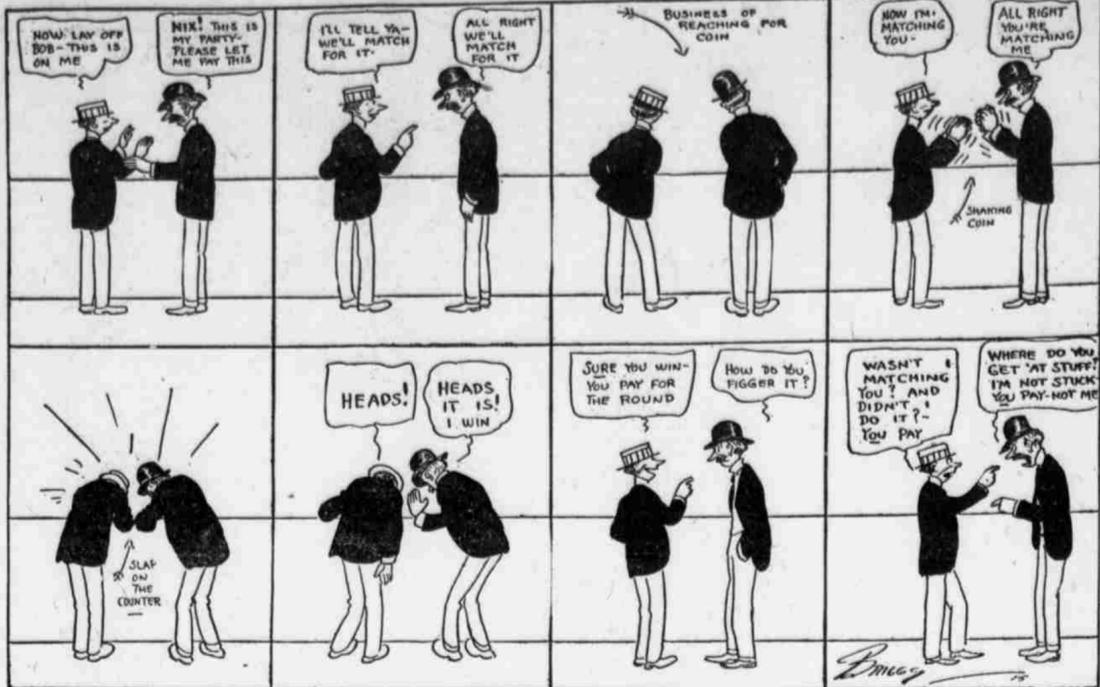
Lavender, of the Cubs, Enters Hall of Fame Lavender, the little spitball pitcher, of the Cubs, entered the pitchers' hall of fame yesterday, when he shut out the Giants without a hit. It was a feat that he had never accomplished before, and he was the only player to reach first base on an error in the second game.

Larry Cheney pitched his first game for Brooklyn yesterday and succeeded in leading Pittsburgh. The Pirates could do but little with Cheney, and he proved conclusively that he was in his old-time form. When Cheney is right there are few who can twist better, and his addition to the Dodgers' staff brightens their chances.

President Thomas, of the Cubs, is in this city, and it would be no great surprise to find that he was trying to dispose of another player. Of course, Thomas is not in it to get rid of any of his players, nor would he part with any of them. He also stated that he was not trying to trade or sell Cheney to the Cubs were here, but he passed him along to Brooklyn for a substitute pitcher and a small amount of money.

No player is eligible to take part in the world's series unless he is traded or sold to the pennant winner before noon today. This means that Sam Agnew, of the Browns, who was reported to have been purchased by the Red Sox, will not be able to take part in the series, even if Boston wins. The sale has been held up, and will not be completed until the Browns arrive in the East, according to best information.

MOVIE OF TWO MEN MATCHING TO SEE WHO PAYS



THE BACHELOR BENEDICT The Female Napoleon Wins a Great Victory — Bertie and Virginia Win — But Wait, While Mace Loses Half His Team

By CHARLES E. VAN LOAN The World's Most Famous Writer of Baseball Fiction

Herbert Lansing Lowrie, the latest addition to the Benedicts, is unmarried. His nickname, Bertie, was applied to Mace Henshaw's team, because the majority of the men were married, and the "better halves" always traveled in the private car of the players. "Poker parties" were held at the home of Bertie, the natural sobriquet for Lowrie, from the start, and the young pitcher moved state way through opposition batters, he won the admiration of the "Bear." He was instantly called favor with the players' wives, as well as the men and the fans.

Bertie the Bear looked like a very nice boy, indeed, when he walked into the little parlor to be presented to the manager's pretty sister-in-law. As a general thing, a competent tailor can construct a dress suit so that it looks as if it had been made for the man who wears it. Not always, however. Then, again, there are a few men who look as if they had been made for the suit-hand waiter, for instance, and leading men in small stock companies. Bertie the Bear looked like the latter class. Mace looked well in his "moonlight"; but Herbert Lansing Lowrie carried the light, graceful garments with the swinging ease which can never be counterfeited and seldom acquired. The very manner in which he entered the room and bent over Miss Virginia's hand was enough to explain why. The theater next came into the line of fire. Bertie had seen all the season's successes, and he knew why they had been successful.

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Virginia had seen him pitch two games, and win them both by shut-out scores. What a lot of things he knows! Who is Mace? Mace looked at her husband, who was yawning slightly. "Bertie" said Mace, with a fair imitation of surprise. "Why, he's one of the greatest baseball players in the country. Best pitcher on the club."

"You don't mean—a ball player? Why, he plays the piano beautifully!" Miss Virginia was so surprised and shocked as if she had been told that her favorite novelist had served two terms in a penitentiary. "Sure, he plays the piano beautifully," said Mace. "Same way he plays ball. He's a winner, Virginia."

"But why does he play baseball? Why, when he can do so many other things?" Mace chuckled. "Why?" he said. "Because we pay him four thousand a season, I guess. And he'll make me pay him more next year!"

"You don't understand, dearie," said Mace gently. "Baseball has become a profession the same as anything else. That is why so many college men go into it. Mr. Lowrie plays ball because there isn't anything else he could do which would pay him so well as his age. Two-thirds of the younger men playing ball today come straight from their schools and colleges."

Virginia looked at Mace. "That's so, Virginia," he said cheerfully. "Yes, baseball is getting to be a high-brow institution. As for this young fellow, I should say he plays for the sheer love of the game. He's stuck on it. Tell you what you do! Next time it's his turn to pitch, you go over to the park with Mace and watch Bertie go through a game. Then you won't have to ask anybody why he plays ball. He'll show you himself!"

anybody why he plays ball. He'll show you himself!" "I shall be very glad," said Virginia. III. The Henshaws were packing for their last trip on the road, and the pennant was "cinched." Virginia was to travel as far as Cleveland in the private car with the players. At Cleveland she was to take another train for home. For two weeks Bertie the Bear had been a tame cat about the Henshaw residence. He had been there morning, noon and night, Virginia's slightly elongated shadow. He had taken the girl to theaters, to art exhibits, to symphony concerts, and to the baseball park, and she had seen him pitch two games, and win them both by shut-out scores. Mace went about the house, hugging herself behind doors and waiting alone in the halls. Mace did not quite know what to make of the case; but, when he watched Bertie unlimber in the box, he found something a few ringing chords and began to sing. It was an old German folksong and one which Virginia had never heard. The mellow baritone melted into the accompaniment until the two were one; and at the end they paid him the compliment of absolute silence for several seconds.

"What was that?" asked Mace. "Something my sister used to play when I was a kid," he answered. "I liked it, and that's how I happened to remember it. Little German love song. Awful foolish words." Miss Virginia, though still distastefully highbrow, accustomed herself to attending places of amusement with a young man who seems to attract more attention than the performers themselves. "I hope it doesn't annoy you," apologized Bertie. "Awful rubberneck in this town!"

Now, on the last day at home, and the last day of an all-too-brief visit, Bertie was to take her to a symphony concert, then to dinner downtown; and he was to escort her to the station, where they would rejoin the Henshaws. He had pitched the day before, therefore he was not required to put in an appearance at the park. Madge waved her hand to them from the front window as they went down the steps. She was full of the happiness which comes to a good little woman when she seems to be attracted more to others; as contented as a stage manager who views his completed work, and knows that he had the placing of every line, and the reading of every line. Madge had stage her first romantic drama; she loved the leading people dearly, and she was beginning to hear the curtain music for the last act. Mendelssohn wrote it.

Virginia had told her sister nothing. Bertie had been as silent as an oyster; his eyes, as well as actions, speak louder than words, and eyes have a trick of telling the truth. That evening Henshaw and his wife waited at the gate until most of their traveling companions were on the train. "Madge," said Mace, "are you dead sure Virginia knows what time this train leaves?"

"Don't get excited, hon," said her husband. "They'll be here in a minute, sure!" Not in a minute; not in two minutes; not in five. "Madge," said Henshaw suddenly, "those two fool kids are so wrapped up in each other that they've forgot what time this train leaves. You'd better wait over and come along with 'em!"

Just then a little messenger boy dashed up and thrust an envelope into Mace's hands. "De guy says you'll hafta hurry!" he panted. "Oh, you pennant die year!" Henshaw ripped open the envelope with one jab of his finger. Perhaps there is such a thing as thought transference. It is certain that Mrs. Mace knew what was in that note before her husband opened the single sheet. But, in order to be sure, she looked over his shoulder.

This was the opening sentence which jarred a deep grunt out of Mace Henshaw, a man who thought he was used to surprises. "Send my wife's suitcase quick; you're delaying the boy's train!" And while that poor, thick-witted male creature was looking blindly for the signature and wondering in a dazed way

D'ARCY, AUSTRALIAN MIDDLEWEIGHT, LEAVES FOR U. S. SATURDAY

Conqueror of Eddie McGoorty May Meet Joe Borrell at Olympia Club in First American Appearance

BIZ MACKEY PLANS TRIP

Veteran Featherweight Will Come Here for Bout—Other Boiled-down Boxing Bits

Los D'Arcy, Australia's sensational 50-year-old middleweight, who surprised the entire pugilistic universe recently by knocking out Eddie McGoorty, sets sail for America on Saturday. He will go direct to New York, where George Lawrence, United States representative of Australian boxers, will take him in tow.

Johnny Mack, Lawrence's right-hand man, visited Philadelphia Monday and offered Jack Hanlon, of the Olympia, D'Arcy's first services in this country, providing the Antipodean is matched with Joe Borrell, whom Mack would be glad to make the match as soon as Les arrives here.

Jimmy Clabby left Frisco yesterday for Australia for the purpose of meeting D'Arcy on the latter's battlefield. Their respective steers will pass each other, but that will be the nearest Clabby will get to the fighter from the kangaroo country.

Biz Mackey, featherweight veteran, of Findlay, O., who has been displaying his pugilistic mettle for more than half a score of years, is contemplating an Eastern tour this season. He meets Ray Rivers at Elmwood Place, O., Labor Day, in a 15-round decision fight.

Despite his many years in the ring, Mackey writes that he is boxing in better form than at any time during his lengthy career. Biz claims the only knockout victory ever scored over Johnny Kilbane in a bout in 1910. When he was in Europe two years ago, Mackey was presented with a medal by the Boxing Federation of France as "the most aggressive fighter of the season."

Arthur Simons, New Orleans bantam, is here looking for bouts. He will appear at the Olympic September 13.

Two boxing clubs will be in progress at Norristown this season. Besides the Palaces A. C., promoted by Frank (Pop) O'Brien, Eugene (Owney) McGuigan will matchmake and referee bouts at a new arena, to be called the Norristown A. C. The opening show of the latter club will be held next Monday night with Benny Kaufman and Lew Stinger appearing in the final of six rounds.

Two inter-city star bouts will be the feature of the Douglas Club's show next week. Willie Beecher and Frankie Brown, of New York, will meet Willie Houck and Harry Smith, respectively. Tommy O'Neil has decided to stage a show on Monday night instead of Tuesday next week.

Charley Thomas, local boxer-singer, is demonstrating his vocal ability at one of the Atlantic City hotels for several weeks. During his off-hours, Thomas is getting himself in shape for the present season. A ten-round match between Leo Houck and Herman Miller has been booked for the Lancaster A. C., September 10.

WHAT MAY HAPPEN IN BASEBALL TODAY

Table with columns for National League, Federal League, and American League, listing teams and their records.

RUNS SCORED BY MAJORS FOR WEEK

Table showing runs scored by various teams in the American League, National League, and Federal League.

BASEBALL TODAY SHIBEPARK ATHLETICS VS. BOSTON

GAME CALLED AT 3:30 P. M.

TENTS TO HIRE ALL SIZES Water Proofing BERNARD MCCRURY Phone 110 NORTH NINTH STREET

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RADNOR

THE NEW ARROW COLLAR

EVENING LEDGER MOVIES—MILLER HUGGINS ISN'T SO BASHFUL, LOUIE, WHEN LORD BYRON IS AROUND

TELL ME PHIL, WHAT DO THEY CALL THE MAN ATTIRED IN BLACK

WHO HOLLERS 'STRIKER'S OUT!' BEHIND

THAT CROUCHING PLAYER'S BACK?

"I'D LIKE TO TELL YA BUT I CAN'T"

SAID PHILIP WITH A BLUSH,

"FOR I WOULDN'T USE SUCH LANG-WITCH

AROUND YOU MISS MCTUSH. AIN'T IT MAG-NO-LIA?

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